



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Literary Souvenir.

Pride.

BY AEOSTAZ.

PREVIOUS to the decided resistance of the 'United Colonies' against their 'mother country,' the sun of social life had grown dim beneath the sense of oppression upon one class and the consciousness of superiority in the other. The officers of the British army, and those holding emoluments under the crown, like spoiled, petted children, were often wilful, wayward and overbearing toward those less favored than themselves, but with whom they associated in the exchange of common courtesies. On the contrary, the quick perception of aught infringing upon their dignity, so eminently conspicuous in the English character, was as keenly alive in the breasts of their American descendants, and the sense of injustice, with the smothered feelings of resentment, could scarcely make the ceremonials of politeness and civility a sufficient mantle to cover the total want of reciprocal feelings of kindness and sympathy.

But spring had arrived after a long, tedious New England winter, and many were the pedestrians from the closed halls and carpeted parlors of luxury; as if communion with the sky, the air, and fields could expand the narrow selfishness of power and strength, and mitigate the suffering of oppression and injury.

To look upon the boundless sky; to breathe the pure air; and to see the gems of loveliness and beauty starting from the embryo of nature, and not to feel our breast expand with gratitude toward that Power who is all goodness, purity and love, bespeaks a heart callous to the nobler attributes of man's nature—base, groveling, and scarce above the beast, which hails spring with joy only because it brings him fresher and greener herbage.—To bow, with the spirit's adoration, to the Deity, and not to feel the kindling emotions of love and kindness toward the creatures that

he has constituted like ourselves, is as impossible as it would be for us to create the sympathies which govern our spiritual being within our breasts.

So eager appeared all to renovate the weakness of their social feeling, by an association with objects bestowed in common upon all, that note was not taken of wind or sun, and we might rather have supposed them in search of beautiful dry sticks, frozen grass, damped feet and the concomitants of colds, consumptions, and the *etceteras* of modern fashionable pursuits.

By a gate which marked the woodside immediately beyond the limits which bounded the active bustle of a then populous town, leaned a solitary lounge. His slow lonely walk had abruptly terminated as a party of ladies escorted by some gay officers and less distinguished citizens, had passed him. More than an hour had elapsed, and there he still leaned, in all the exquisite negligence which characterizes a modern named gentry at the present day.

He was tall beyond the common height, with an admirably proportioned frame—a light, fair complexion, and a full face—not so round as to give a feminine expression of prettiness, nor bloated to betoken self-indulgence. Eyes he had, but they were too firmly riveted upon an elegant neatly fitted boot, which encased a slender and graceful foot, to decide upon their color or expression.

The keen air induced the pedestrians to become 'homeward bound.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed one of the fair ladies to her cavalier, 'do not tell me of colds, catarrhs and ills—we go barefoot, and brave the extremities of mud and damp to win your admiration for a pretty foot—and if I mistake not the interpretation of that, for which you should censure, for alluding to so lightly, it is our *heel* that is to bruise your *head*, and how can we hope to accomplish the prophecy, if the one is covered in a thick repelling weather case, while the other can scarce boast of more mail than its silk mantle? Do not interrupt me with oaths of loyalty, nor tell me in new terms the strength and purity

of your devotion at our shrine. Before the king—yes in the presence of our dolt of a governor'—

'Beware of Treason!' interrupted the gentleman with a gay laugh.

'Beware of impertinence!' rejoined the lady, 'and let me finish the declaration of my pleasure.'

'Before our thick-skulled governor you bare your head and listen without impudent counsels upon the wisdom of his speech; and before those for whom you profess greater respect, combined with the devotion due Deity—you plod along, pleading cold winds as an excuse for not obeying orders. Forswear your fealty and leave out your professions, or doff your beaver: for, be it known, I never will believe words where the minutia of manner is wanting. My most humble servant will only receive credit for his assertions—hat in hand.'

The lady had nearly exhausted her lungs, and made the last remark, at the moment they reached the solitary individual by the road side. He started, and, advancing as he raised his hat from his head, addressed the fair speaker, as a smile half sad, passed over his features.

'Where will Miss Clarkson be pleased to give her humble servant hearing?'

A tremor, as from an electric shock, passed through the nerves of the lady, and the fine glow of exercise fled her cheek; while her companion replied to the unceremonious intruder with a stern and haughty 'Sir!'

An instant and the lady had recalled her energy, and she replied hastily, but with emphasis, 'In the grave!' then turning to her companion she added, 'Charles, my walk and declamation have exhausted me—let me rest in some place, while you procure a carriage to convey me home.'

Conducting her to a small cottage near by, he preferred his request to the good woman who had answered his call, which she readily granted.

'Apologize to our companions for my fatigue,' said the wearied lady, as her protector turned to leave her, 'but do not let any one come near me.'

Meeting the company upon the door-step, he informed them of his partner's weariness, begging them to allow her perfect seclusion until he returned, 'for' added he, gaily, 'you ladies will be in duty bound to faint, and perhaps Ellen will extravagantly think a slight touch of convulsions necessary if there is company to warrant it, and when I return we shall need, instead of a single carriage, a train of litters for the sick and sympathizing'—bowing to the ladies, as he darted off on his errand.

The company immediately understood that there was something which they did not fully understand, and with that good breeding which prevents sympathy from becoming an overt-act of curiosity, immediately retired in silent suppositions of what could be the cause that had stilled Ellen's gay spirits so suddenly.

A retrograde movement is necessary in the detail of our history.

Ellen Clarkson's parents resided at some distance from the town where she was now situated, and the reason for her leaving paternal care, was that she might receive the medical attention of a maternal uncle, who was justly celebrated for his professional skill.

Time had passed; and it was time, rather than *doses*, which had reinvigorated the frame of Ellen. Her uncle, Dr. Grey, was a man who had studied the mind as well as the matter of human organization, and from his observations upon the habits and moody debility of his young niece, he arrived at the conclusion that it was her mind which was diseased, and adapted his remedies to the malady. The returning health of his patient bespoke the success of his judicious treatment. The Doctor was a wise, discreet man, but with all his philanthropy and wisdom, there was a touch of worldly-mindedness in his composition. That is, he looked upon life and its contingences, in a plain manner-of-fact way, and he considered there was fairer prospects for Ellen's forgetting in *new* ties, whatsoever had disturbed the tranquillity of her young life, in the place where he resided, than in the more retired residence of her parents. A few well expressed reasons had satisfied their minds upon the propriety of her stay, which had now been prolonged for many months beyond the necessity of the case.

Charles Hancock was a student practitioner in Dr. Grey's office, and the worthy Doctor had promoted and provoked a strong degree of intimacy between his niece and student.—Charles was always the permitted beau *generatissimo* of Ellen, but no positive declaration of love had clouded the freedom of their social intercourse. We say clouded—for knowledge, in secrets where the heart is concerned, produces aught but ease and free-

dom. Consciousness will tinge the cheek, and mantle the brow of the most vivacious impertinence.

Ellen's happy tact of making anything out of nothing, and nothing out of anything, had prevented a more explicit detail of Charles' motives, had he others than those of common gallantry and good nature.

Ellen was rather above the common stature;—in form, slight, dignified and graceful. Her eyes were truly 'melting blue,' bright, lively, light, and dancing; by her cheek the bright rose faded, while her neck of the purest white, slender and gracefully arched, gave motion to a thousand graces which showered themselves from her golden, glossy hair.—Beauty she possessed—but only strangers noticed its purity and perfection. It was her manner that was witchery—and under its fascination, even the tint of her cheek, and symmetry of her features were forgotten. Gay, unaffected, full of fancy, whim, and withal, a great share of good-natured sauciness, she bewildered those who listened, and puzzled the demure brains of those who were at the pains to endeavor to analyze the springs of her action.

When Charles arrived with the carriage, she passed to it without remark—and the only words which escaped her lips during their ride home, was the answer to an inquiry, if she found herself better.

'I shall be soon,' she replied with an apparent effort.

On arriving home, she went immediately to her room. After locking the door she flung herself upon the bed, and burst into tears.—Like the force of a pent up stream, now the barrier of circumstances was removed, the gush of feeling was uncontrollable. Groan succeeded sigh; and the sad subduing moan, which followed the first torrent, told the deep anguish carried beneath the light smile of gaiety.

More than an hour had elapsed, when a light tap at the door and her aunt's voice, saying, 'Ellen, Ellen may I come in?' aroused her. Wiping the remaining traces of tears from her eyes she opened the door.

'Ellen,' said Mrs. Grey, as soon as within the room, 'Charles told me that you were ill—fatigued, and I hesitated to disturb you; but a gentleman—a stranger has inquired for you, and I thought I would come myself and inquire if you would see him.' Ellen had turned toward the window, and her aunt continued, saying 'Charles, who saw him as he entered the parlor, says it is the same individual who spoke to you as you were returning from your walk.' 'Aunt,' replied Ellen, turning round, but not raising her eyes, 'from you I will have no secrets. What he may wish to say now I know not. Tell him if an interview in your presence would be desirable,

I will see him—otherwise I will not.' Mrs. Grey descended to the parlor with her message.

'Let me but see her,' replied the stranger, when the conditions annexed were explained to him, 'let me but convince her that the pride of station and the aristocracy of rank is not the only pride which shackles the freedom and happiness of man—and I care not who hears what I have to say.'

A servant was sent to Ellen with a message that company awaited her, and she soon entered the parlor.

'Miss Clarkson,' said the stranger, as he advanced to meet her, 'I am too happy to see you upon any conditions to express my regret that so much entreaty was necessary to induce you to listen to me for even a short space of time.'

'Those who think that pride, cold, callous, revolting pride, only resides upon the lofty pinnacles of high birth and station; closing up the avenues of the sweet sympathies of the affections, are mistaken. Pride often assumes the cloak of humility, and under its mantle exercises the most arrogant of its spirits—the pride of will.'

Ellen coldly rejected the proffered hand of the stranger, and, seating herself, requested him to be seated and explain the errand of his visit.

'Ellen,' exclaimed he in a tone of reproach, then hastily pausing, added, 'You have forgotten that I have not the honor of an introduction to this lady;' turning to Mrs. Grey.

'My aunt might not deem herself honored by an introduction to every person who might intrude themselves upon her niece, even, if they claimed the honor of being allied to one of England's noble lords,' replied she. 'Beside, I will so far explain myself as to say that your name has never passed my lips since'—she continued, with an effort to master a rising emotion, as a dark frown gathered over the brow of him she addressed—'since we last met. I had hoped occasion would never have demanded it—nor is the compulsion of a common civility sufficient cause for the penance.'

'I had nerved myself,' he replied, in a tone of bitterness, 'to hear aught you might say—to bear the taunts and scorn of your humility, but I had not thought that you would descend to insult or'—

A stifled groan from Ellen interrupted the sentence upon his lips. To go, or stay was the question. But the motive of the visit prevailed.

'Madam,' said he, turning to Mrs. Grey, 'I had to learn that even my name was so very repugnant to the feelings of your niece. But it is due you—it is due to myself not to remain unnamed: will you accept?'—and

he placed his card upon the table beside her. She started, as the name caught her eye, and was about to speak, but he prevented her by a gesture, and bowing his reply, seated himself.

'You, madam,' continued he, addressing Mrs. Grey, 'are doubtless surprised at the persevering presumption which I have manifested to gain an audience with your niece—Ellen knows, would she give credit to her own knowledge of my character, that to beg, entreat, and wait with petitions is not my nature. But references to what I am are unnecessary.'

'Permit me to explain to you the nature of my acquaintance with Ellen.'

'Some three years since, as an invalid, to benefit myself by the purity of fresher air, I resided some months in the vicinity of her father's residence. A trivial knowledge of some of the arts not so universally taught in this country gave me an opportunity of being of some little benefit to her and gaining an intimate acquaintance with her character. I learned to understand her wilful waywardness, and to love her with every feeling of my nature. I frankly avowed the deep affection of my heart and in return was suffered to suppose myself not indifferent. Ignorant of all the prerogatives of my birth (as I passed by my simple appellation) I afterwards explained the station and rank of my relations.'

'This seemed to raise the slumbering irritations of her pride—she feared that she should be looked down upon by my family because she possessed not the tinsel of title and great wealth. My assurance to the contrary were rejected and I was bid to forget the love which thrilled through every vein of my system. I sought by reason and argument to convince her that the chimera which had seized her was in her imagination, but she would not listen. Business in my official capacity obliged me to return home. I endeavored to forget her, and certainly ceased to hope. Some weeks since I again arrived in America, and impelled by an irresistible desire, I visited incognito the scenes of former sweet enjoyment. There I learned that Ellen was not married, but resided in this town with an uncle. That ill health and imperceptible decline was the cause of her removal from home, and shall I say, that such intelligence electrified me with hope that I was still remembered, still loved in spite of unjust decision! Such I must confess were the impressions I received by the recital. I immediately proceeded hither, and being ignorant of her uncle's name and residence, (as my informant could not remember it,) I addressed a letter to her thro' the Post Office. My letter has been returned in an envelope, but without one word of reply. More has passed, and I could not decide to leave the

city without some farther trial for an interview.

This morning, as I was taking a slow, lonely walk, I was passed by a company of pedestrians, one of whom I was sure was Ellen. Their return gave evidence of the correctness of my supposition, and prompted by a wish I could not withstand, I seized the opportunity to reply to a lively remark which she addressed to her companion, and her emotion as she recognized me, was not calculated to convince me of her indifference. I obtained the direction I wished from the house where she rested, and immediately followed her home.

'I am now convinced that her affections are as lasting as her will is firm. She calls it independence to trample upon the finer and nobler feelings of our nature; to sacrifice the happiness of a life to a wild fancy which has seized her brain.'

'Ellen! Ellen,' continued he, addressing her, as he rose from his seat 'will you be so unjust as to persist in this foolish phantasy?'

'To you my opinions may appear so,' replied Ellen—'but think you there is no feeling of degradation in the mendicant, who receives our alms, although there may be a gratification to us for bestowing them.'

'Then, surely, the degradation is mine, for it is I who solicit the boon.'

'Nay,' rejoined Ellen, 'it would be you who bestowed wealth, station, and rank.—Whatever you might feel, your relatives would but look upon me as an interloper in their circle; and humble and obscure as I may be, there is within me a spirit, that could not bow even to be exalted. The wren claims not to mate with the eagle, nor is its resting place in the towering nest.'

'True but the simile is not just—we are not of a different genus, and neither wren or eagle would refuse the resting place of its mate because, perchance, it was more exposed to the elements warfare—but, Ellen,' continued he, more passionately, 'reason not thus coldly; you have once acknowledged a preference for me, if that preference still exist, obey its holy impulse, and torture not me, nor yourself with these vain chimeras—I offer neither station, wealth or power as the price of your affections—I proffer a heart as warm as your own, and one, that the first principle of its promptings, seeks your happiness. Think me not presuming—I would not thus boldly press my suit, but believe you one that do not easily forget the impressions you may have received, and that the punishment of your haughty resolutions do not fall alone upon me. You too feel'—

'That I do feel would be useless to deny after this day's exhibition of my folly—but I can suffer too—my spirit may break, but not bend. It is unnecessary to prolong this inter-

view—and it were cruelty to persecute me with more. Seek me no more, unless it might be in the final hour of dissolution. If you should know me dying you may see me in the last hour of life if you desire it—but not till then'—and slightly bowing her head, with compressed lips she turned from the apartment.

'Ellen! Ellen!' exclaimed the stranger, seeking to detain her—but she was gone.—Putting his hand to his brow, 'Oh, God!' murmured he, and looking up, he saw Mrs. Grey regarding him with a look of compassion, 'I thank you—I thank you,' said he, pressing her hand to his lips, and immediately darted from the house. Two years glided by; and the evils of war had stamped their impress upon the inhabitants of the 'United Colonies.' The benefits which the 'Revolutionary War,' conferred upon succeeding generations, were purchased by the lives, the happiness and prosperity of the then present one. To remember the sacrifices of blood, the toil and the sufferings of those who fought for and bestowed the blessings of civil and religious freedom—and to see these boons valued only as means to gratify the schemes of party or personal aggrandizement, seems like him, who would rob the sepulchre of his father of its sacred ornaments, to deck his own mansion with the vanity of his profanation. Our fathers gave not their lives to protect alone the sanctuary of their own fire side—the liberty of the East, the West, the North or South, but they nobly gave their lives for their country and sectional prejudices did not detract from the glory of their sacrifice. And let each religious votary of right and wrong—each aspirant for personal aggrandizement, pause ere he dare commit the sacrilegious act of applying the torch to any of the combustible materials which compose the bond of 'Union' in his country. Let him pause and remember that the spirits of those who fell to consummate the power of its strength, still live—that their blood cries out from the ground where it was spilt—and in the face of their memory—let him dare finish the mad scheme of his imagination!

Two years had passed; and the blight of strife and discord was upon the land. The widow and the orphan wept for the desolation of their affection. 'Mid the latter Ellen Clarkson mourned. Her father had fell in the struggle for liberty, and her mother had soon followed him to the land of spirits.

Soon after an actual 'appeal to arms' had been made, Ellen had left the care of her uncle for paternal protection. Not that she deemed the one safer than the other, 'but,' said she 'if my father is to fall in the cause he has espoused, I would be with my mother.' Her father did fall in almost the onset of the

struggle, and her broken-hearted mother had need of her care and attention. But a daughter's love or anguish would not sustain a grieved spirit, and bowing to the earth, it cast off its clayey cumbrance and fled, where the weary rest.'

Ellen now stood alone. In the wide dreary waste of the world's inhabitants, she was alone. There were those who loved her; those who were kindly to her, but in the whole world, there was no one whose first feeling or highest duty was for her happiness. And in this dearth, this sad solitude of her own heart did she remember *him* whom she had forbade her presence! To forget was impossible; but it was in memory alone, that his existence remained aught to her. Since the interview with him at her uncle's, as related in the preceding pages, she had never received any intelligence from him. Perhaps he had returned to England—perhaps he still remained in America—and perhaps—and there was bitterness in the thought—perhaps her harshness, or rather as she styled it, her spirit of independence had driven her from his memory. But whatever his fate might be, to her it was only conjecture; its certainty she could never know—and in this life she had neither love or hope. The two brightest lights of an earthly existence had gone down beneath the dark clouds of death and despair. What desert on the earth's surface, can compare with the dark, gloomy, barren waste of the heart's affection?

Ellen bowed, and her spirit sunk beneath the load of grief and misery which had accumulated upon the pathway of her life—she shrunk from the desolation which lay around her, and prayed for the last deliverer of 'earth's weary ones'; but her prayer was not 'thy will be done,' it said 'Oh, Death! hast thou no dart!'

Immediately after the decease of her mother, she had returned to the family of Dr. Grey, and every thing which their affection could suggest, was sought to alleviate the intensity of her anguish. But she refused consolation, she fled the family circle, and courted, rather than avoided the memory of her sufferings. It must be nerves of iron and sinews of oak, that give not way before mental wretchedness, and, to every appearance, Ellen was fast approaching the goal of her wishes. This, combined with the distracted state of the country, induced Dr. Grey to propose the removal of the family to other scenes and more salubrious climes. Mrs. Grey, with a wife's affections, objected to the arrangement, as she knew that he could not be their protector and that she should leave him exposed to danger. But the Doctor pointed to Ellen, and her philanthropy was stronger than the selfishness of her own feeling. 'We shall all be under the protection of Heaven,

though thousands of miles separate us,' said she, as she acquiesced, and the tears of bitter sorrow rolled down her cheek.

Accordingly having obtained knowledge of a safe escort, Mrs. Grey, her daughter, and Ellen, embarked under the protection of Charles Hancock for the south of Italy.

Estelle Grey, how shall I describe her? Hers was not the buoyant vivacity of light-hearted youth; nor the sombre hue of dark ungovernable passions—hers was not the beauty of complexion, feature and stature—over all, her face and her action, was breathed the gentle spirit of her pure mind. Lovely as the last sweet ray of sunset's hour, and mild as the mellow breeze of a summer evening's air, she entwined herself amid the fibres of every one's affections, who looked into the mild light of her age, or listened to the melody of her voice, as it gave forth the notes of kindness and charity which moulded her every action.

The travelers arrived safely at the point of their destination, and of the two years which had passed since their first introduction to the reader, six months had been spent in Italy.

They were situated in a delightful residence, not far from the sea shore, which combined the wild with the beautiful in its scenery. A rocky promontory near their dwelling, whose base was covered with rare shells soon became the favorite haunt of the fair cousins.—For some months after their arrival in Italy they had been gratified by the appearance of renovated strength and spirits in Ellen, but again she had declined, and so rapidly, that at this period she was an invalid confined to the house. Estelle still continued to frequent the seashore in search of its mines of curiosities, generally accompanied by Charles but sometimes by their servant girl. One day as she returned glowing with exercise, she ran to the apartment where her mother was seated beside Ellen, 'I believe' said she, as she poured the contents of her basket into their lap for inspection, 'I have had something of an adventure.' Her auditors looked up with curiosity for an explanation and it seemed to strike them for the first time the change a few months had wrought in Estelle's appearance; from almost a child she had grown to a woman. And as she stood before them, with her hair falling from its bands, loosely upon her neck, and her gentle face beaming with more than wonted animation, they both sighed; the one for what she was but a few years before, at Estelle's age, and the other for fear of what might be the fate of the beautiful and idolized being before her.

'From your appearance,' said Mrs. Grey as she looked up, 'we shall hope that there was not any thing unpleasant connected with

your adventure.' 'Oh no;' rejoined Estelle, 'when I went out among the rocks this morning, I was so busy in hunting for shells that I did not notice that any one was there till Zuletta directed my attention to a stranger who was watching us. I looked up, and on that moss-rock, Ellen, where you and I used to rest us, was seated a gentleman about as old as papa, and he looked so kind, good, and noble, that, as my eyes met his, I involuntarily bowed. He returned the salutation and joined us; and the first sound of his voice told us that he was an American. He commended our occupation and told me so many things about the shells I was gathering, and his whole conversation was so benevolent, so interesting, and so considerate that I have been talking with him ever since I have been gone, and should not have remembered to come back now, had not Zuletta become impatient and reminded me it was time to return. You would like him and I wish he had accepted my invitation to come in as he returned—but he promised to call to-morrow, and then you will see him.'

Mrs. Grey could not but laugh at Estelle's description of the stranger's power of fascination; and there was a slight touch of Ellen's former archness as she remarked to Estelle that she regretted for her sake that the stranger had not chanced to be some twenty years younger, as it would have added much to the interest of the adventure.' But despite their raillery, they all waited with impatience to learn who was the American 'unknown'.

The morrow came and the stranger arrived.

'Doctor Franklin!' exclaimed Mrs. Grey as she hastened to meet him in the porch, for she had recognized one of her husband's dearest friends from the window.

All was joy, Estelle's description of him was related with humor, and no one's arrival, unless it had been Dr. Grey himself, could have given them so much satisfaction. In negotiating loans for his country, circumstances had occurred, which had rendered a visit to Rome necessary and on his arrival he still met with delays and tardiness, and to render them less vexations, he had improved the meanwhile to visit the more southerly portion of the seaboard. The fund of his intelligence, the originality of his reasoning, tempered as they were by the good humored vivacity of his boundless benevolence, soon made him a great favorite with Ellen as he had before become with Estelle.

Unconsciously, Ellen had betrayed to him the desolation of her heart, and the withering cause. Then he used to combat her arguments and show her the fallacy of her reasoning; endeavoring to impress upon her mind that cold, selfish torturing pride, was far

from true independence; that the one marked with strict line the true neighbor's right, and while it resisted aggression and boldly defended its own claim, the exercise of its power did not entail misery upon him, who would keep each balance of society in its own sphere. While the other, conscious only of its own superiority, would level every thing which could claim equality and fly aught that might claim pre-eminence.

'Do you think,' said he, in one of their conversations, 'that you would flee the bliss of Heaven, because, perchance, some angel possessing higher rank and station than you might claim?'

'The question is not just—in Heaven the distinction is not as of earth.'

'Certainly not; but remember that those very things which make man miserable upon earth, would make him miserable in Heaven, were they permitted to go there. The want of love and justice, with the abuse of power or strength, are the primary causes of man's unhappiness. But I must away to Rome—in the meanwhile think whether your decisions always have been the result of justice or of stubborn pride. Adieu.'

The worthy philosopher had not avowed to any of the family the true incentive for his visit to the imperial city. From Mrs. Grey he had learned the name of Ellen's rejected suitor, and was aware that the same individual was in Rome at the time of his departure from it. Never weary of benefiting his fellow men, he determined to seek him, and learn whether the assumption of the title which had become his in consequence of the death of his father, had benumbed the warmth of his heart, or obliterated the remembrance of his former attachment.

On his arrival at the place of his destination, he found the individual whom he sought, still remaining in the city. He sought his acquaintance, and it was not withheld; for they both possessed too much universal benevolence and philanthropy to act upon the principle that because their respective countries were at war, that individuals could not meet in the exchange of social civilities and kindness. From the young Englishman's remarks, the Doctor was soon convinced that however hopeless his attachments in America might be, they were not forgotten. And as they were conversing upon subjects connected with America, he casually made remark of Dr. Grey's family, proposing that his companion should accompany him when he went to bid them adieu, ere he returned to Holland.

The information that the family were in Italy was received with surprise, and the invitation readily accepted.

The English friend made many inquiries respecting the members of the family, who had accompanied Mrs. Grey, and was vague-

ly answered that there was one or two of the younger ones, and that they were under the protection of a young gentleman who had been a student in Dr. Grey's office.

Is the power to understand the motives and incentives to action in another's mind, a primary faculty, or is it acquired by observation?—Be it as it may; Dr. Franklin possessed it in a pre-eminent degree, and thus moulded or guided the resolutions of those with whom he associated, to the pleasure of his will.

He found that his young friend was not destitute of at least, a shadow of resentment toward the former object of his affections, and though eager to learn of her fate and welfare, would not willingly intrude upon her presence. Therefore he still kept him in ignorance of Ellen's actual residence in Italy; trusting that the first impulse of sacrifice in both might counteract their former resolutions.

After the Doctor's departure, Ellen had pondered much upon the justness of his remarks.

'Aunt,' said she one day as she reclined upon the sofa in the usual sitting room, 'I shall never see home again, and you must remember to assure uncle of all my gratitude for his kindness—tell him that I have not forgotten any of it.'

Estelle rose and flinging her arms around her neck, conjured her not to talk thus.—Mrs. Grey seated herself beside her and endeavored to win her from the sadness of her thoughts. She returned their caresses, but persisted in the truth of her presentiment.

'I have one thing more,' continued she, 'if you ever see him, whom you have kindly ever forbore to name to me—tell him not to remember me with unkindness—to remember some of the happy hours of our first acquaintance, and forget the pain of that which closed it—it would be sweet to know that he forgave me'—and she paused, choked by emotion.

Estelle and her mother both wept; and they started as Doctor Franklin unannounced entered the room accompanied by another gentleman, who hastily advanced a step toward the sofa, and as quickly receded, while his eye remained upon the emaciated form before him.

'I hope your niece is not worse,' inquired the Doctor as he noticed that Estelle bent with an anxious look over Ellen, who had slightly exclaimed as her attention was directed to their abrupt entrance.

Estelle shrieked, and let the powerless hand fall from her grasp, as she finished her examination, sinking upon the floor.

Charles was immediately summoned, and consigning Estelle to the care of her mother and the servant, proceeded to open a vein in

Ellen's arm, as she lay to all appearance lifeless. The stranger had retired to the window and burying his face in his hands groaned aloud. He started as 'she lives,' from Charles, arrested his attention, and took his position near the sofa. Some time elapsed before she was restored to perfect consciousness, but when fully aware where she was, her eyes roamed over the faces of those near her, till they rested upon the stranger.

'Will you forgive me?' murmured she, as she feebly attempted to put out her hand toward him.

Regardless of every thing but the knowledge that she lived, and the bliss which those few words, which she uttered, conveyed, he pressed her to his breast, and in that embrace all was explained, told and forgiven.

The rest of our tale is soon told. The generous, disinterested friend of human happiness, prescribed matrimony as the most effectual specific for invalid youth and insisted that the dose should be immediately taken, as he would witness somewhat of the effect of his recipe.

In a few days Ellen Clarkson became the wife of Lord S—, and her fast returning strength, if it gave not incontestible evidence of the efficacy of Doctor Franklin's remedy, proved that 'where pride is, there cometh sorrow and death;' and that the exercise of love, justice and benevolence prolongeth life.

Before the entire cessation of hostilities between America and Great Britain, Mrs. Grey was reunited to her husband—and the declaration of 'Peace' was celebrated by the nuptials of Estelle Grey and Charles Hancock. And there now lives in a town which lies upon the coast of Massachusetts' Bay, an aged lady, who is respected, loved and venerated by all who know her, that often times tells the story of her cousin who was too proud to marry an English Nobleman, when the only objection she had to him was his title and wealth! She will add many particulars of the happiness of their lives—and the happiness of their death; for it is good to live happy and to die happy—but she goes no farther.

Reader, if you have fault to find with our tale—if it is too long, or too short—not explicit enough in detail, or too prolix—remember that the principle which we would inculcate, is that the exercise of kindness and charity toward our neighbor adds to the length of our days in the land of the living. If ye are dissatisfied with our history, may your resolves upon the subject, tend to add many years to your life.—Adieu.

A FINE SENTIMENT.—A beautiful woman, said an ancient philosopher, is a perpetual hymn to the Deity.

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

Human Nature.

HUMAN nature, as rendered respectable by the improvements of art, is probably seen in no higher point of view than in the practice of medicine. As science is improving and as the liberality which prevails in the present age is giving reciprocal reception to the discoveries and improvements of every country, the art so essential to the happiness of man is growing to perfection. Probably that faculty of the human mind denominated ingenuity, appears no where in a more commanding light than in the improvements which modern times have introduced into the healing art.—There is scarce a disorder which racks the frail frame of man, which may not be averted, checked, or cured by the combined efforts of skill and experience.

But while the body of man is thus favorably provided for, it is a lamentable truth that the mind is the subject of diseases too obstinate to be remedied by human skill. The disorders of the body have been sometimes considered as analogical to those of the mind; so much so that considering the mind and the body as two distinct independent existences, some resemblance may be traced between the affections of each. Constituted as we are with mind and body, so intimately and so wonderfully united, the various affections of the mind, almost invariably cause corresponding ones of the body. It were endless to enumerate them. The wild contortions of the maniac's body are a correct type of the distraction of the mind. The vivacity of youth bespeaks a mind in which care is not an inmate. The wan, withering cheek of consumption, is an index which usually points to a waning mind, and affections quitting their hold of sublunary things. Ingenious medical men have carried this analogy to an extent not less surprising than it is interesting. There is one disorder of the body so completely copied by another of the mind, that the same name has not unjustly been applied to each. Leaving the consideration of this disease to medical men, so far as it respects the corporeal system, I shall content myself with considering it merely as a mental malady—a malady which has been so descriptively styled *cacoethes scribendi*—the love of scribbling. We have no need of searching for its existence—it is too obvious not to be noticed by a superficial observer.—Newspapers abound with productions, evidently the offspring of this disorder, and the restless fretting character of many of our publications, sufficiently characterize their origin. The present class of literary volunteers seem actuated by principles of approximation. If, says one on reading a newspaper essay,

I am unable to write quite as well as that, I can nearly equal it—and so I'll e'en try.—Another says the same concerning the last production; and in this way the public are pretty often amused—(not to say instructed) with a series of essays.

Nature has qualified some persons to think and write with seriousness, others with levity. Few minds can pass over the whole field of science and dwell with equal pleasure and profit on all its flowers. One may be able to follow in the devious path of politics—the genius of another may enable him to improve the arts; one may dart flashes of wit, another hurl the bolts of conviction; but it is firmly believed that that person never existed, who could employ his pen with equal ease in compiling amusement for the toilet, or instruction for the cabinet. Levity and strength though not wholly inconsistent are certainly in some respects heterogenous—and rarely unite in the composition of one mind. The mind, the genius, the talent, or by whatever name we choose to call the power of composing, may be considered as the fabric of a certain order: if this order be *Doric*, strength and plainness will characterize it, without any decoration of art—if it be *Ionic*, its possessors will avail themselves of every exterior grace—and place no reliance upon strength—for strength is not the distinguishing property of the order.

Pittsfield, April, 1839.

A. J. F.

From the Lady's Book.

Old Schools.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

I PREFER old things, that is, when I do not like new things better. For this reason I look with sorrow on the gradual decline of old fashioned schools, and the rise of high, eclectic, collegiate, and other schools. Not but that intellectual improvement is in some cases promoted, for in those good old schools that was the last thing thought of, but I think the sum of juvenile happiness is diminished, and when is man happy if not in youth? Where is the lawyer, congressman, editor, or preacher, who some twenty years ago passed through the process of reading, writing and ciphering, that does not look back to those as his happiest days—days when the necessity of comprehending things was unfelt, when five hours per diem was the ultimatum of restraint, and when a goodly portion of that was spent in planning enterprises for execution when the delightful stereotyped expression, 'school's dismiss'd,' should be uttered.

Who does not recollect his feats at reading, especially after he had arrived at a height and circumference entitling him to a standing with the first class?

'First class read,' cries out the pedagogue, opening Scott's Lessons before him, and

deliberately persevering in ruling the ink-sullied sheets, fated ere long, to bear the traces of unearthly characters.

'First class read,' and lo! a simultaneous rush to the open space diversified by a few intentional stumbles over the smaller scholars, whose improving employment was to set upright on backless benches, and avoid whispering, or by a furtive appropriation of some flaxen locks, or by an attempted elongation of some luckless unchin's ear following by a solo attracting the attention and eliciting the inquiries of the master, ending in a threat of flogging next time. At length, the line is formed, and the charge commences. The head boy, who, in order to secure that station, has taken a place so near the fire that one side of his person is well nigh in a roasting state, begins at the top of his lungs, and hurries on that he may get through with his paragraph and use his books as a fender for the more sensitive parts of his frame. He is about half through when some rogue at a distance of four or five below him gives a side lurch to his neighbor, who not at all unwilling, communicates the impulse to one above him, and so on till the reader is shoved against the blazing forestick, and there is a pause to adjust matters and find the place.

'Read on,' cries the master, 'next read.'

'Giles hasn't read a verse,' cries out half a dozen voices.

'Giles why don't you read on?'

Giles at length gets through his verses, and forthwith turns to his neighbor, and in a horrible whisper, 'Darnation take you, if you don't get it when the boys go out.'

'Giles don't stand straight,' cries out some ill-natured boy at the foot of the class. Poor Giles had advanced in front of the line in order to avoid cramping. It was an excellent rule of the school that each one should keep the place he took at first.

'Giles stand back in your place,' says the inflexible magister. There is no alternative, he must toast till the last lazy boy has blundered through.

The time to take seats at length arrives, and on their way Giles falls in the rear and adds to the momentum of his neighbor by the application of his foot, its weight being increased by *horse points* innumerable.

'Giles' been a kicken me.'

'Ha'n't been kickin' him nother.'

'Who saw Giles kick Ben?'

The parties were about equally divided in popularity, and amid the cries of 'I did' and 'I didn't,' the poor pedagogue found it difficult to discover the truth. At length, all was reconciled and made plain by the testimony of one who cries out, 'Master, I see all how it was. Ben just kicked himself, and then tried to lay it to Giles.' This explanation seemed satisfactory to all parties; they laugh-

on heartily and were left with an admonition to behave themselves.

There is less incident in the reading of the second and third classes, the first class 'tending to written' in the mean time. Scribble, scribble it goes, with occasional shouts of 'mend my pen,' 'John's joggling,' &c. In about half an hour one makes a discovery, and cries, 'Master, my ink's froze,' and away he goes to the fire to thaw it. Pleased with the warmth and conspicuousness of his station, he, with great composure suffers his ink to boil for another half hour. Not daring to delay longer for fear of the frown of his master, who has by this time completed the copies of the day, and begins to look around, he guards his face from the flaming embers with one hand, and seizes with the other the inkstand, which is now at a temperature equal to boiling water.

'Gaul darn the inkstand,' is the involuntary exclamation of the young writer.

'What is that you said?'

'I said as how the inkstand is hot.'

'That is not what you said—come here, give me your hand:' crack, crack, crack, goes the ferule, 'There, that was for swearing.' Crack, crack, crack again, 'That was for lying; go to your seat.'

After this exploit there is silence for nearly half an hour. At length some urchin breaks the monotony by a dexterous discharge of a bullet of soaked and chewed paper, which takes effect on the nose of one of the opposite side of the house. This is a signal to re-commence operations. The whispering becomes louder; the complaints of 'crowd-in' thicken; till at last an open explosion, it should seem, is prevented by only, 'boys may go out,' bursting from the lips of the master. Books are closed, inkstands overturned, toes trodden upon, curses not loud, but deep, uttered; at last, there is silence in the house and peace for the master; for girls, for the most part, as every pedagogue will testify, are a peaceable, quiet race. By and by the boys must come in, and then there is a glorious time of crowding round the fire. At length there is a degree of quiet till some long-necked fellow is curious to know how it looks up chimney, and while taking the position necessary to determine that important fact, his neighbor gives him a tilt that brings the line of gravity without the base, and to avoid falling on the now quiet embers, he seizes on the coat of his neighbor, when a 'darn you, let go,' and a jerk on the opposite direction, restores him to his perpendicularity, and at the expense of the coat.

'Jim's been tearing my coat.'

'Master, he tore it himself. I just took hold on him, and he *twitched* and tore it.'

'Take your seats, all of you,' thunders the magister.

Well, the girls in, and all seated, again the process of instruction re-commences. In the first case, the course was from the eldest, even unto the least, and so working upwards to the greatest, spelling only being substituted for reading in the first and second classes.

The youngest toddler comes to read:

'What is that?' No answer.

'Its A—say A.'

'A—y,' says the toddler, looking at the four points of the compass, and so on to the end of the alphabet.

The remaining exercises are in considerable more order, for when the command, 'First class take your places to spell,' is uttered, the master is seated, or standing in full view, and there is no opportunity for a repetition of the exploits of the morning. By and by, the joyful sentence 'school's dismiss'd,' is heard, and then perfect happiness is felt, if there is any such thing on earth. Now, as I said before, I grieve at the extinction of those schools, for it will be seen that they were the very nurseries of happiness. It was there I acquired my irresistible propensity to laugh at every thing save old age and religion, and there is no estimating the value of such an acquisition.

If I thought there was any part of the land safe from the sophisticating invasion of steamboats and railroads and newspapers and orators, I would retire thither and establish a school on the old plan, and thus live over my early days. But the age of chivalry is gone, and that of high-schools, institutes, and practicalities is come. You can scarcely distinguish a schoolmaster now from an ordinary man.

Temper.

Good temper is like a sunny day—it sheds a brightness over every thing—it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude. Every day brings its burthen. The husband goes forth in the morning to his professional duties, he cannot foresee what trials he may encounter—what failure of hopes, of friendship, or of prospects may meet him, before he returns to his home; but if he can anticipate the beaming and hopeful smile and the soothing attention, he feels that his cross, whatever it may be, will be lightened, and that his domestic happiness is still secure.

It is our interest, therefore, as well as our duty, to cultivate good temper, and to have ever ready some word or look of cheerfulness, of encouragement, or at least sympathy. A really feeling heart will dictate the conduct which will be most acceptable—which *times* a kindness, as well as renders it, and forbears all officious attentions, while it ever evinces a readiness to oblige. It need scarcely be said that this temper is of more value than many more brilliant endowments—that it is among

the first recommendations to a woman in every domestic relation; and especially in that tie, which, though nearest on earth, is not one of kindred, it is assuredly the most effectual cement of affection. It is not indeed so much a means of attracting or exciting love as it is of securing it. In fact it is scarcely known, until familiarity draws aside the veil of social restraint, and the character with its real virtues, is unfolded in the privacy of home.

Frankness.

Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do, upon every occasion—taking it for granted that you mean to do what is right. If a friend ask a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if it is not, plainly tell him why you cannot. You will wrong yourself and wrong him by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one, the man that requires you to do so is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly with all men; you will find it the policy which wears best. There is no more dangerous experiment, than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another thing behind his back. If the very consciousness of such duplicity does not degrade you in your own eyes, you must be lost to every noble feeling of our nature. We should live and act, and speak, 'out of doors,' as the saying is, and say and do what we are willing to be read and known of all men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but a matter of policy.

'I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger,' said a village dandy to a country girl, 'for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end.' 'Excuse me, sir, I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematic of mine for you—it has no beginning.'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deduction the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Denmark, N. Y. \$2.00; C. R. S. Garoga, N. Y. \$1.00; H. K. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; S. P. W. Sheffield, Mass. \$1.00; J. M. Palatine, N. Y. \$1.00; M. W. Erie, Pa. \$1.00; H. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$0.87; J. N. B. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. W. Catskill, N. Y. 6.00 M. H. H. Lockport, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. W. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. M. Coxsackie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. H. Mellenville, N. Y. \$2.00.

DIED.

In this city, on the 24th ult. Fletcher C. son of John and Ann Westfield, aged 4 years, 7 months and 27 days.
On the 27th ult. Richard son of Richard J. and Ann Maria Wells, aged 9 years and 4 months.
On the 29th ult. Mrs. Mary Noyes, in her 55th year.
On the 29th ult. Mr. Abraham Tallman, in his 31st year.
On the 2d inst. Mr. Shubael B. Coffin, in his 45 year.
On the 4th inst. Mr. Christopher Puffer, in his 23d year.
At New-York, on the 4th inst. Catharine Bunker, in her 37th year.
At Murray, on the 27th ult. of consumption, Mr. J. H. Hazard, formerly of Michigan, in the 26th year of his age.
At Hillsdale, on the 5th ult. Miss Cornelia, daughter of Col. Wm. Jordan, aged 25 years.
At Ithaca, on the 29th ult. William S. Pelton, M. D. in the 33d year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

To May.

HAIL brightest and best of the change-bringing year!
Sweet Florist we covet thy reign;
Tho' your circling return marks time's ceaseless career,
You are welcome to all as again you appear
To gladden hill, valley and plain—
And opening flowers as they burst into day,
With their virgin perfume court thy breath, sunny May.

Joyous, light-footed maid! while amongst us you trip,
With the zephyr's ethereal bound,
The bee from young flowrets fresh nectar shall sip,
While thro' dew-spangled vales lambkins wantonly skip,
And nature's wild wood-notes resound
Thro' the copse-tangled grove, from the many-plumed choir
As your presence their glad little breasts shall inspire.

While again in the rich verdant vesture of spring,
You have come to revisit the earth,
The soul-cheering power of your spirit-borne wing,
Bears sweet transports of bliss to each sentient thing,
And gives life's keenest ecstasies birth—
Now the heart feels again an impassioned thrill
From the lay of the wood, or the plaint of the rill.
Sweet spirit of spring! to your own mountain haunt
At the dawn with light heart I'll repair,
On the moss to recline of its steep, rugged slant,
To catch the first strains of the wild matin chant,
Of the variegated choristers there—
As again you to nature such magic impart,
Welcome—welcome bright May to each sensitive heart.
H. SHUTTS.

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

Home Feelings of the Heart.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

HOME feelings of the heart,
Why do ye haunt me now,
When the thick shades of care
Press heavy on my brow?
Ye cling like ivy green
Around a time-worn oak,
Shining like rays of hope
Amid the tempest's stroke.
The changeful hues of life
Seem gathering glad and bright,
As soft and silver stars
Make fair the clouds of night.
The tempests of the heart,
The storms of after years,
The sick'ning, yearning thoughts
So often washed with tears,
They fade at thy approach,
Sweet feelings warm and true,
While on the spirit fall
Thy drops of freshening dew.
The dreary shades of care
Are fleeting from mine eyes,
As fly the clouds of night
Before the sun-bright skies

Hope, with her rainbow wings,
And beck'ning fingers bright,
Scatters across my path
Her rays of early light.

Voices of long loved friends
Whisper in music's breath;
Voices that, long ago,
Were sadly hushed in death.

They greet me once again
Upon the smiling earth,
We stand together now
Beside the household hearth.

Hand linked in hand, we gaze
Into each other's eyes,
As tho' the sycamore of time
Had severed not love's ties

It is but fancy all—
These things have fled away;
But spirit of the past,
Sweet spirit with me stay.

Home feelings of the heart,
Oh! linger round me still,
Let my sick bosom feel
Once more a happy thrill.

From the Lady's Book.

Stanzas to the Memory of L. E. L.

Written after reading the confirmation of the rumor that Miss Landon, or Mrs. M'Lean, had died at Cape Town, Africa.

BY MRS. HALE.

AND thou art gone! The bridal rose
Fresh on thy laureled head—
A land of new, wild, wondrous scenes
Before thy fancy spread—
Song on thy lip—it cannot be!
I scarce believe thee dead.

'Bring flowers! pale flowers!'—but who for thee
An offering meet can bring?
Who paint thy Muse, like Huma bright,
Forever on the wing?
Or wake the tones that thrilled the soul,
Poured from thy lyre's full string.

They say thy heart's warm buds of hope
Had never felt a blight;
That 'mid gay throngs, in festive hall,
Thy step was ever light—
At gatherings round the social hearth
None wore a smile more bright.

And yet upon thy world of song
Dark shadows always sleep;
The beings by thy fancy formed,
Seem only born to weep—
Why did thy soul's sweet fountains pour
A tide of grief so deep?

Was the prophetic shadow cast
By Afric's land of gloom,
That thy genius ever linked
The poison with the bloom?
And 'mid the fairest flowers of bliss
Still reared the lonely tomb?

In vain we search for thought's deep source,
Its mystery none may tell;
We only know thy dreams were sad,
And thus it hath befel,
That Love's bright wreath crown'd thee for Death!
Dark fate—and yet 'tis well!
Ah, well for thee;—thy strength had failed
To bear the exile's chain,

The weary, pining, home-sick lot,
Which withers heart and brain;
And He, who framed thy soul's fine pulse,
In mercy spared the pain.
And while we mourn a 'Pleiad lost,'
From out Mind's brilliant sky;
A Lyre unstrung, whose 'charmed chords'
Breathed strains that ne'er can die,
Give us, O, God! the faith which sees
The spirit's Home on high.
Sweet Minstrel of the Heart farewell—
How many grieve for thee!
What kings could ne'er command is thine,
Love's tribute from the Free—
While flowers bloom, stars deck the sky,
And mourners weep and lovers sigh,
Thou wilt remembered be!

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

16th Volume, (7th New Series.)

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On Saturday, the 22d of June, 1839, will be issued the first number of the Sixteenth Volume (Seventh New Series) of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1839.

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